

Stranger Things Have Happened by bvckymcv

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Summary: Steve "The Hair" Harrington is a normal teenager that only cares about himself, right? Right 009-better known as Nine-is an abnormal teenager that escaped from Hawkins Lab, in search of a new home. Maybe she can find that with the help of Steve Harrington, Nancy Wheeler, and Jonathon Byers.

1. Lost and Found

A/N: I don't own the Stranger Things franchise

In honor of Season 3, I've decided to write a Steve x OC fanfic. This starts around season 1, maybe a few episodes in :)I hope you enjoy!

Barefoot, she walked through the forest, her hospital gown clinging to her body as the wind blew against it. The sixteen year old girl that escaped from Hawkins Lab now wandered through the woods.

She glanced down at her wrist to see 009 engraved into her skin and sighed. She's always hated that tattoo. She hopped over sticks and roots, spotting a house in the distance.

Shelter, she thought. She stepped into the yard, eyeing a concrete hole in the ground with water filling it. She'd seen pools before, but wasn't sure what it was called. Then, carefully stepped up to the back door, tiptoeing to mask the sound of her feet.

She peaked into the windows to see the lights out and eyed around the front to see no vehicles in the driveway.

Opening the door, the girl stepped inside, closing the door behind her. No one was home, thank god. She crept around, looking for any sight of food. She stood in front of the refrigerator, swinging open the doors to reveal foods and drinks of all sorts.

The girl pulled out a Lunchables and a juice box, ripping open the plastic and shoving it down her throat. She hadn't eaten in at least three days and her stomach rumbled in hunger.

Nearly choking on her food, she continued to devour the snacks and drink. She was too busy enjoying the food to notice that Steve Harrington has entered his house.

"Who the hell are you?"

She looked up from the food in shock. She froze, maybe if she didn't move, he wouldn't see her. Her eyes were intense and frightened, her

hands started to shake.

Steve saw the scared look on her face, the torn hospital gown, and shaven hand. It was the same look his mother had when his father yelled at her. Steve glanced down at the Lunchable, *she just wanted some food.*

"Hey it's okay, I'm not going to hurt you." He took a small step forward, but saw her tense up and stepped back into place.

"Why don't we sit down okay? I promise, I'm not going to hurt you," he talked calmly, trying to get her to trust him, but he had fury mixed in his eyes. Anger that someone broke into his house. She hesitantly set the food down and let Steve lead her to the dining table.

She took a seat, hunched over, the rain pulling her down. She didn't make eye contact as if she were afraid that in one movement that he would hurt her like Papa did.

"Can you tell me what your name is?" She held out her wrist for him to see the tattoo.

"Nine?" She nodded her head grimly.

"I'm Steve, and this is my house. Where did you come from?"

"Lab," she muttered as if it was a cuss word—well it was to her. His warm brown eyes tried to connect with hers, but Nine continued to look at her hands.

"Hawkins Lab?" Nine nodded her head, Steve could see that there was definitely pain connected to the Lab by the way she acted.

She shivered from the cold air and from being under his gaze. "Are you cold? Obviously, you were outside...at night, in the rain."

He stood up suddenly, but slowed down once he made her flinch. He took off his jean jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders.

"Do you have a home?"

"A home?" She questioned as if she didn't know what the word meant. She didn't.

"A place where you live, where your family is," Steve explained, but wish he hadn't when he saw that sad look that she gave him.

"Hawkins Lab with Papa and the bad men."

"Do the bad men hurt you?" Her mind flashed to a memory.

"Kill it, Nine. Kill it!" Papa yelled. She refused, tears escaping her eyes.

"You're as weak as Eleven, no weaker." He nodded his head towards the all white cat. "If you don't kill it, you're going into the room."

No. She couldn't go back. Nine looked to the cat.

"I'm sorry," she whispered and stopped it's heart.

"Well done, Nine," Papa turned his back from her and looked to his team before she threw out her hand, sending him flying into the wall. His guards came running towards her, grabbing her by her arms and carrying her down the hall.

"No!" She sobbed as the dark room came closer and closer. They hurled her into the closet, hitting the stone cold wall and slammed the door.

"Yes. They hurt me." She finally looked Steve in the eyes.

The two of them stayed silent for a few minutes before Steve spoke up, "Do you need somewhere to stay?"

Nine waited a second before answering and then nodded her head. "Okay, just follow me," he said awkwardly.

Nine pulled the jean jacket close to her as it kept her warm through her thin hospital gown. She followed him up the steps of his beautiful house and what she assumed was his room.

"I'm just going to get you some clothes," he said quietly. He pulled a drawer out of his dresser, a shirt and sweatpants in his hands. "Um, here," he pushed the clothes into her hands.

Steve hastily walked out of the room to save himself the embarrassment. "Stop." Steve was halfway out the door when he stopped at the sound of her voice.

"Can you..." she couldn't form the words.

"I'll be right outside the door, okay?" She nodded and pulled off the hospital gown, slipping on the navy blue t-shirt and grey sweatpants.

"I'm done." Steve walked back into his room, "You can sleep in my bed tonight."

Nine nodded, she wasn't going to refuse a warm bed. She laid down, pulling a blanket over her. She hadn't felt this warm in a long time.

"I'll be right down here if you need me," Nine heard Steve say.

"Thank you," Nine muttered. She turned to her back, looking up at the ceiling.

"Steve?"

"Mmm?"

"Where is your mama and papa?"

"Well actually I call them mom and dad, but they're away on a work trip, like always," he grumbled the last part.

"Oh. Steve?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you."

Nine closed her eyes, falling into the most peaceful sleep she's had in a while.

Ah first chapter done! I hope you enjoyed it and sorry if I get anything wrong I haven't watched the first season in a while oops.

I'll probably try to post once a week. Thanks for reading!

XOXO

2. On the Run

A/N: I don't own anything.

Enjoy!

Nine woke to the sun shining through the blinds. She remembered what happened last night, she still couldn't believe that Steve let her stay with him for the night. She glanced over the side of the bed to see Steve still asleep with his hands under his head as a pillow.

She swung her feet over, tiptoeing around him. *I have to get out*, she thought. Steve rustled around in his sleep before opening his eyes.

"Hey, where are you going?"

She stopped, cursing herself for making such noise. "Food," she murmured, making up something on the spot.

Steve gave Nine a crooked smile. "No wonder you're hungry, you're like a twig." Steve glanced at her thin figure as she crossed her arms so he couldn't look at her.

He stood, stretching out his muscles from sleeping on the floor. "C'mon, let's get some food in you."

She followed Steve down the stairs and into his kitchen when he pulled out pancake mix. "My mom and dad aren't home a lot so I just cook for myself most of the time."

Nine didn't say anything, just sat down at the dining room table. "Steve?"

"Yes Nine?" Steve questioned without turning around from the pancake batter.

"Not safe." At this, Steve turned around, raising an eyebrow,

"What do you mean?"

"They're coming. Now."

"Now?" As soon as the word left his mouth, there was a crash, someone breaking the windows. She grabbed Steve by the wrist, leading him to the the back of his home where she spotted a door. She swung it open to reveal Brenner with a gun in his hand.

"Nine, how nice to see you again. Oh how I've missed you and Eleven dearly." She shut him up by stomping on his foot and twisting his arm with her mind, sprinting past him with Steve in tow.

"Get them!" Papa yelled to his colleagues as they started chasing after the two.

"I know where to go," Steve pulled her in the opposite direction in which they were running. They had finally lost them in the woods when they stopped to catch their breaths.

"Who are they? And breaking his arm, did you do that with your mind? I have a few questions. Who are you? Do you have powers?" Steve started to panic.

Nine craned her neck to see where her attackers were.

"They're coming." The two teens took off running again towards Nancy and Mike Wheeler's house. Once they got there, standing in front of Nancy's door, Nine pulled Steve's jean jacket closer, struggling to keep in the warmth.

She stood off to the side in case Mrs. Wheeler answered the door. Steve knocked on the door, it swinging open to reveal a young girl around Steve and Nine's age. She had curly hair and pretty blue eyes and was about an inch shorter than Nine.

Nine peeked her head out to get a better look at the girl.

"Steve who the hell is this?" Nancy exclaimed, looking Nine up and down.

"Look, Nanc, I don't really have time to explain, but someone is after her so if you could let us in, that would be appreciated," Steve rambled on while Nine scanned the surrounding houses for the men that were after them.

Nancy glanced around and pulled them into her house and up to her room. Nine looked around in amazement at the pink walls and girly theme to the room. Everything in her room at the lab was bland, white and gray.

"Steve, what is going on? Who is *she*?" Nancy spoke the word with a hint of disgust as she looked at her shaven head.

Nine touched to her hair as embarrassment flooded her cheeks with a pinky red color before she regained her confidence and gave her a snarl behind her back.

"She came from Hawkins Lab. These people were running after her, and they had guns-

"So why the hell did you bring her to my house?"

"Nanc," Steve's voice lowered so only Nancy could hear him, "She's scared and alone, she has no family. I can't just leave her to die."

Nancy nodded her head and looked to Nine that was sitting on Nancy's bed and glaring at the numbers printed on her wrist. "Okay," she whispered.

Nancy walked over and kneeled in front her as if she was a little kid. "I'm going to help you, but you need to tell me who you are."

She pointed to her tattoo, "Nine."

"Your name is nine? Like the number?" The girl nodded.

"People gave me powers, at Hawkins Lab," she explained.

"Powers?" Nancy's eyes widened. Nine nodded again.

"Papa said that I have telekinesis and water manipulation," Nine sounded out the words carefully, trying to pronounce them correctly. The two other teen's mouths dropped. Nancy looked at Steve, and he nodded.

"I saw it, she broke this guy's arm with her mind."

Nine looked around the room, her eyes landing on a glass of water that sat on Nancy's bedside table. She outstretched her hand and lifted the glass into the air without touching it. Nine pulled the glass towards her with her mind, and then lifting the water out of the cup, leaving it floating in mid-air. She transported the water back into the cup and set it down on the bedside table.

"Holy shit," they exclaimed. Nine looked down at her hands, not sure what to say.

The pounding on Nancy's door broke them out of their trance.

"Nancy! Did you eat the last Eggos?" Nancy powerwalked over to the door and furiously cracked it open so the boy could only see her face. Nine stood up and made sure the dark haired boy couldn't see her.

"What do you want, Mike?" Nancy demanded.

"What happened to the Eggos?"

"Why would I know?" Nancy moved to close her door but Mike stopped her. Mike's eyes narrowed.

"Nancy, what's going on?" Nancy started to panic.

"Uh, nothing." She slammed the door in his face, locking it. She leaned against the door, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Nancy we need to help her. If these people are after her, she needs somewhere to hide. My parents will be home tomorrow so she can't stay at my house," Steve ran his hands through his hair. "Who can we trust?"

"I have someone in mind."

I hope you liked this chapter!

I'm going on vacation this week so I might not be able to update Chapter 3, but we'll see how it goes :)

Thanks for reading

XOXO

3. Faded Memories

I feel like the story's starting to pick up so I might get into the actual plot soon, so yeah. I'll probably get this chapter up late so just hang in there babes. Enjoy!

Nine sat in the backseat of one of the Wheeler's cars while Nancy drove and Steve in the passenger seat.

"You know Steve, I had to talk to the Police. They think that I was lying to them or something."

"It's not my fault that Barb went missing," Steve exclaimed.

Nancy whipped around to him, an incredulous look on her face. Her mouth hung open in shock as her eyes began to well up.

"C'mon Nanc, you know I didn't mean that." Steve rubbed his face as Nancy took a left, pulling into the Byers' driveway. "Wait what are we doing at Jonathan's?"

She ignored him, huffing in frustration. "Well somethings going on in this town, with Barb missing, and then a girl with a shaved head and psychic abilities shows up, Will's dead. Something strange is happening. And you said you needed help."

Nancy pulled the keys out of the ignition and stuffed them into her purse. She stepped out of the car whilst wiping away tears that had fallen.

"She cries a lot," Nine muttered, earning a quiet chuckle from Steve before he too climbed out the car. In truth, this was the first time that Nine had seen Nancy cry, but she could tell that she cried a lot. She reminded Nine of a girl that was at the lab, she must've cried everyday.

Steve opened the door so Nine could climb out of the Station Wagon. The chilly Autumn air bit at her fingertips as the three walked up to the house that was tiny in comparison to the Wheeler's.

Nancy knocked on the door, pulling her jacket close, the chilly air

getting to her too. The door swung open, revealing a frazzled woman behind it.

"Hello Mrs. Byers," Nancy put a smile on her face, "How are you?"

"I'm okay Nancy, what exactly are you doing here?" Joyce hadn't meant it to come off as rude as it did.

"I'm looking for Jonathan, I have to, um, ask him about homework?" Nine rolled her eyes from behind Steve at Nancy's attempt to lie. Joyce eyed Nine suspiciously.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Ni-"

"This is Catherine!" Steve called out, "Cath for short, she just flew in from, uh Minnesota. She's a family friend." Steve gave Joyce one of his winning smiles. Joyce returned the smile after a moment and opened the door wider for the three teens to come in.

"Jonathan is in his room, the last one on the right."

Nancy led the group to the last room on the right. Once again she knocked gingerly on the wood, shoulders pushed back and head straight.

The boy that's hair hung in front of his forehead appeared, confused.

"Hey Nancy... and Steve? What are you doing here?" Jonathan and Steve hadn't talked since he smashed his camera and ripped up his pictures of Nancy.

Nancy glanced back at Mrs. Byers, then turned to Jonathan.

"We need help." Jonathan's brows scrunched together in concern.

"Uh, are you okay? Who's this?" Steve nodded at Nine in reassurance.

"I'm Catherine?"

"No, no, Nine, you can tell him your real name."

"Nine? As in-"

"Yes as in the number," Nancy and Steve chorused. She sighed and closed her eyes as Steve continued, "Jonathan, its no secret that I don't really like you but Nancy trusts you and I trust Nancy so..."

Steve glanced at Nine's hard expression that she's had the entire time in the Byers' home. He raised a brow in question as she squeezed her eyes shut. She pressed her hands to the side of her head as if to crush her brain in between her own palms- which she could probably do if she tried.

Memories flashed behind her eyelids.

"Hey, you okay Nine?"

"Nine, it can't hurt you in there," Papa explained, wringing his wrinkled hands together.

Ten year old Nine was being led to the chamber filled with water, an entrance to the void. She had only seen the experiments enter it from the outside, she'd never been in it herself and quite frankly, she was scared to death. She climbed carefully onto the bar where they sealed a diving helmet on her shoulders, the chilly water giving her goosebumps.

The pitch black water swirled at her feet now that she was fully submerged.

"Find it," Papa's voice ordered, the water and thick glass of the chamber making it muffled.

She knew he was speaking of the monster with the flower shaped head, clad with teeth on each gory petal.

Nine gasped, he eyes flying open and hands releasing from the sides of her head and hitting anything within reach... that unfortunately being Steve's nose.

"Oww," he murmured and rubbed it causing Nine to fill with guilt.

"Sorry," Nine whispered. Steve forgot about and focused on Nine.

"Are you okay?" Nine looked into Nancy's slightly worried eyes.

Nine banged on the glass, the water slowing her movements. She refused to close her eyes, to be trapped. Nine screamed, throwing her hands up at the thick walls, chamber cracking.

Nine took as much water as she could possess in her palms and throwing it at the chamber wall, cracking the glass piece by piece. Nine let out a roar, the glass bursting into shards. Light shone through the water, Nine falling to the floor, not bothering to care about the bits of glass that pierced the skin of her feet and legs.

"He's here."

Long time, no see am I right? I am so extremely sorry for not updating but I have been very sick feeling and just super exhausted all the time, but I am feeling better so I am hoping to get this chapter up soon.

As always, thanks for reading!

xoxo

4. Searching For Answers

A/N: I don't own these characters, I only own my OC.

Enjoy!

"Who's here?" Jonathan's eyes were curious but steady.

"Papa called it the Demogorgon."

"Papa? Your father? Nine, why didn't you tell me you had a dad?"

"He's not my father. He made us call him that."

"Us? You mean there's more people like you?"

"Yes."

"Steve, we don't have time to worry about that. What's this Demo thing?" Nancy waved her hand around, trying to remember the name.

"The Demogorgan... someone must've opened the gate." When Nine realized the three teenagers were looking at her like she had three heads, she continued, "A different world. The gate leads to another... place."

"Like an alternate universe."

"We can worry about that later. Right now, Nine is in danger. My parents don't leave again for another three days, so she can't stay at my house anymore."

"Anymore?" Nine could see Nancy tense up.

"Yeah she spent the night at my house." Nancy looked at her with envy in her eyes, but Nine wasn't sure why. Nancy glared down at the jean jacket she was wearing; Nine felt like she was burning a hole in her chest.

Nine looked down, embarrassed with the three pairs of eyes on her. The other boy spoke up.

"What do you mean 'people like you'?"

"Nine uh kind of has powers." Steve avoided Jonathan's gaze as he scratched the back of his neck.

Jonathan blinked. "I'm sorry, *what?*"

"Go ahead, Nine." The teen scanned the room for something to demonstrate with, settling on a pencil. Nine flicked her head up, the pencil floating towards herself, Jonathan's eyes wide with shock. Nine let go of the pull and the pencil fell to the floor.

"Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh.'" Steve said, a hint of sass in his voice.

"Bad men are coming," Nine whispered with worry. Her shoulders were slouched, ready to give up her life again to the Lab. "Like they always do. They never give up."

"Why are they after you?" Jonathan leaned forward, interested.

"They say I'm special. They need me to get to the other world, but that's not true. They have Eleven," Nine's quiet voice seemed deafening over the other teenagers who were completely silent.

Jonathan's eyes softened a bit before they returned to normal, Steve furrowed his brows in thought while Nancy remained pissed.

"We don't know who else to go to," Nancy muttered, then began digging around in her purse, pulling out a taped picture. She pointed to the shadow looming in the corner with the same figure as the Demogorgon. "Is this your monster?"

Nine studied the dark creature and nodded slowly, "Yes."

"Well if this is the thing that took Will, let's kill the son of a bitch," Jonathan's voice was strong, eyes searching the other's faces. Nancy nodded, along with Steve and Nine.

"We can't fight this thing empty handed," Steve threw in, still not looking absolutely sure if he wanted to do this.

Jonathan reached under his pillowcase for the gun that he stole from his father's car. "Okay," was all Steve said. Nine flinched at the sight of the firearm, but pulled herself together.

The four piled into Nancy's car, waving a goodbye to the frazzled Mrs. Byers and driving to an empty field where they could observe their skill sets. Long story short, Jonathan couldn't shoot a gun (or rather aim) to save their lives, Nancy hit the can every time, Steve was better with a baseball bat, and Nine, well...she was their actual weapon.

The sky had gotten darker, only by a miniscule and the trees had become creepier. Nancy and Jonathan had walked ahead, Steve and Nine hanging back. Nancy and Jonathan rambled on about something that the pair in the back couldn't hear. Steve turned to the girl next to him, "Are you sure you can kill this thing?"

Nine shrugged. "Never done it before."

Steve's lips quirked up. "Me neither."

After walking for what felt like forever, a rustle in the distance caught Nine's attention, causing both her and Nancy to stop in their tracks.

"What, are you tired?"

"Shut up," Nancy quipped.

"Did you hear..." Nine's sentence drifted into the chilly air, the other teenagers looking at her in question. When the forest quieted again, the four continued trekking.

A whimper floated through the wind, the teens snapping their heads towards the sound. Nancy relaxed slightly, though her shoulders still tense while Jonathan and Steve were poised for an attack. Nine hesitantly stepped towards the wounded animal, another whimper releasing from its throat.

"It's a..." Nine knew that she knew this animal, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it, she never got much schooling at the lab.

"Deer," Steve answered, who had been mostly silent through this entire trip which had surprised Nine, he was the one who talked the most. Now he was as silent as the girl he found.

The wounds on the animal were three claw marks down its side and neck, causing a wheezing noise to sound from its mouth.

"We can't just leave it." Nancy stood and pointed the gun at the deer, hand shaking.

"I'll do it," Jonathan offered, taking the gun from Nancy, putting his finger over the trigger. Nine turned away. Steve looked down, focusing on his shoes. Before Jonathan could shoot, a long slimy hand snatched it away. Its claws dug into the flesh of the animal.

"What the hell was that!" Steve exclaimed, the four waving their flashlights around.

"I don't know."

Nine stopped, her body frozen in place. She closed her eyes, stretching out her fingers; she could sense it.

"It's here," Nine whispered, her voice shaking.

The group walked over bloodied bones that littered the forest floor.

"Where'd it go," Nancy thought out loud, wandering over to a tree, goo dripping from its hollow entrance. "Nine?"

Nine heard the girl call, but couldn't place where she was. She knew she was somewhere in the distance. Jonathan, Steve and Nine regrouped.

"Where's Nancy?"

"I don't know," Jonathan replied.

"Steve! Jonathan!" The three teens turned their flashlights towards Nancy's distant voice.

"Nancy!"

They sprinted after her voice, nearly tripping over roots and tendrils. The exasperation in her screams made them run faster.

"Steve! Jonathan!"

"I'm right here," they called, following her yells.

"Just follow my voice!" Jonathan yelled, while Nine stepped over to the tree that Nancy was observing just moments before.

"Hey," Nine called, "Look." She pointed to the tree with the fleshy entrance. The boys gazed over her shoulder as she stuck her hand through, immediately meeting the cold air. The familiar sense of emptiness; she's been there before.

"The Upside Down."

"She must be in there," Steve said.

Before anyone else could say anything, Nancy's hand shot out from the goo, slime covering her fingers. Steve and Jonathan grabbed her wrist, pulling her from the other dimension. Steve held onto his girlfriend, while Jonathan repeatedly asked if she was okay. Nine outstretched her hand, sealing up the gate, not willing other innocent people get hurt.

"I saw it, I saw the Demogorgon," Nancy breathed as she held onto Steve, the sludge stuck in her ponytail.

"Let's get you home," Steve murmured and helped her walk, leaving Jonathan and Nine behind them.

Thanks for reading, and I apologize for any spelling/grammar mistakes :)

xoxo